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HEAVEN AND EARTH

AN ANTIPHON

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

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+ H E A V E N A N D E A R T H +
AN ANTIPHON

By EDITH M. THOMAS
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W. ST. JOHN HARPER

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— amr, July 18, 1930

“The guardian of the lilies.”



The guardian of the lilies,
Where lilies do not fade,
Upon a morn of Heaven
Her round- in gladness made;
And as her blessed fingers
Upon each bloom she laid,
They, heedful of her presence,
In lovely transport swayed.

“It was a budding woodland
Beside a river’s flow.”



Their swaying woke the lilies
Where brief the lilies blow.—
It was a budding woodland
Beside a river's flow;
The lily-warrior of Heaven
Looked down with eyes aglow,
For still she loved the pleasure,
Where she had dwelt below.

Still dear the sighing lilies
Where lilies soon are dead;
To hear their faint responses,
She bent her shining head.—
“Rejoice with you we cannot,
For Deathward are we sped.”
“Nay, Life leads Death a captive,
And there shall be no dead.”

“The herald of the day-dawn
Where waking sows no rue.”



The herald of the day-dawn
Where waking sow'd no rue,
Upon a morn of Heaven
A clear reveille blew.
All round the fateless boscage
The mellow echoes flew;
A thousand songsters carolled
Amid the leaves and dew.

Their carols woke the wood-bird,
Where winged life and song
Still flee before the tempest,
Still fear the Fowler's wrong.
"Rejoice with you we cannot,
Death herds our fluttering throng."
"Nay, Life will you deliver,
For you to Life belong."

“The seraph-child of rapture.”



The seraph-child of rapture,
Where joy to souls is peal,
Upon a morn of Heaven
Made all the bells to peal.

The morning-stars, and planets
That through wide orbits wheel,
In unimagined anthems
Resounded Heaven's weal.

Their anthems woke the spirits
That strive in mortal clay.—
“Rejoice with you we cannot,
Death keeps us so each way.”
“Nay,” said the seraph, smiling,
“Death shall not you betray;
For I am Love Immortal,
And me shall Death obey.”

Edith M. Thomas.





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